

Crown of Thorns

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Summary: Tasha Lannister is seen as a pawn by her family, married off to the highest bidder, until she is damaged by Ramsay Bolton. Velena Targaryen is a ghost, hiding in Dorne with her twin brother Aegon, waiting for their chance to take back Westeros. Men go to battle, but women wage war. Aegon/OC; Robb/OC.

1. Hail To The King

****Chapter One: Hail To The King****

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><p>AN: Hi everyone! So this is a story we actually had up back in 2014, however we decided to revamp it a little and reupload it. The first few chapters aren't very different, but later on we've made some changes. The pairings are Aegon/OC and Robb/OC.**

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><p>Tasha Lannister stepped out of the gilded carriage and sucked in a deep breath of humid eastern air. It had been a long and rather tedious journey to King's Landing, with nothings but books and her few companions to entertain her. Since the Starks had arrived, Tasha had pleaded with her father for the opportunity to go to King's Landing. She had not seen her older half-siblings in years, and she did miss their companyâ€|at times.<p>

Cersei was waiting for her, in the shady entrance of the Red Keep. Many said that Tasha, at sixteen years old, was the very image of a younger Cersei. Both sisters begged to differ. Tasha might have the Lannister colouring of golden hair and green eyes, but her features were decidedly more her mother's â€" a woman of House Caron, whose marriage to Tywin Lannister had been brief and miserable. Tasha's features were softer than Cersei's, her lips fuller and her eyes wider. She also possessed more in the way of womanly curves than

Cersei had at the age of sixteen.

"Your Grace." Tasha approached her sister and curtsied. It was a somewhat strange notion that Cersei was more than twice her age, although admittedly they had never been close. Tasha had last been to King's Landing when she was but twelve years old — most of the time she was situated at Casterly Rock, but Tywin had decided it was high time for his youngest child to go to court so that he could make a match for her.

"Tasha, my dear." Cersei offered the girl a smile. Little Tasha had certainly grown up since she had last seen her. The shy, slender girl of twelve had developed a woman's figure and grown into a pretty young lady. She had no doubts as to why Tywin would send her to King's Landing now.

"I heard that King Robert is dead." Tasha bit her lip. The news had come by raven during her journey. She had never much liked her older sister's husband, but she much less liked the prospect of her vicious nephew, only one year her junior, sitting on the throne. "Is it true?"

"I am afraid it is," Cersei stated, although her expression showed no sign of true grief. It had been no secret to anyone that her marriage to Robert had been a loveless, bitter one. Tasha had always dreaded that she would enter into a marriage as sour as her sister's.

"What is happening with the Starks?" Tasha questioned. Letters had been flying in thick and fast — Jaime had left King's Landing, headed for Casterly Rock, but Tasha had not passed him on the road. His quarrel with Eddard Stark had not gone unnoticed, it seemed. "I heard Eddard Stark was arrested, whatever for?"

"Treason," Cersei said simply. Tasha did not need to hear all of the details. She would hear enough gossip in court, and could make up her own mind. She was a Lannister. Of course she would side with them.

"How horrible." Tasha linked her arm through her sister's as they walked into the Red Keep and her servants busied themselves unloading her trunks of clothes and belongings. "Is Joffrey to be King now?"

"Of course." Cersei smiled with pride at the notion that her eldest was soon to ascend to the throne.

"It's not as big as I remember." Tasha glanced around the Red Keep. She remembered how she had explored the corridors last time she was here, only to be chastised by her older siblings when she got lost. "Or perhaps I was just smaller."

"These halls have not changed," Cersei noted with some amusement, watching as her younger sister straightened out her dress. It was difficult to read Tasha, considering she had not seen the girl in four years, and no doubt her habits had changed. "Is everything well?"

"Yes." Tasha just felt quite lethargic. "It's been a long journey."

"Perhaps you should rest," Cersei suggested. She could hardly remember the journey between King's Landing and Casterly Rock, but Tasha did look quite weary.

"I just wonder if Father sent me here in the hope of having me betrothed," Tasha stated, thinking aloud.

"Most probably." Cersei's expression soured somewhat at the thought of their father. "You are of age now."

It was very like Tywin to sell his daughters off, she thought bitterly. First it had been Cersei, married off to Robert Baratheon. Tasha had only just flowered the last time she had been to King's Landing, but it was highly likely Tywin had been searching for a husband for her even then. Now that she was sixteen, Cersei was certain he would push for her to marry.

"He did not approve of Robert's idea to have me marry Robb Stark," Tasha mused, although it did not surprise her. It was common knowledge that the Starks and the Lannisters did not get along, and so when Robert suggested that Ned Stark's eldest son should marry Tasha, Tywin had flatly refused.

"It was not a good idea," Cersei replied.

"I hear the Stark boy is very handsome," Tasha said, more to herself than her sister. She knew having a handsome husband was not the most important thing, but to a young girl, it was something. "Is Eddard to die?"

Cersei sighed. "Joffrey is yet to decide that."

"Joffrey is a child," Tasha said contemptuously, without thinking. She remembered her nephew from her last visit. He used to pull his little sister's hair and make her cry, until she had hit him to make him stop. Although he was older now, Tasha had heard that Joffrey still possessed many cruel tendencies.

"He is to be King," Cersei reminded her sternly.

"You are right." Tasha heaved a sigh. She had completely forgotten about the subtleties of court. She knew them of course â€" no child of Tywin Lannister could not â€" but it had been some time since she had last put them into practise. "My apologies, I fear the journey has made me tired. Shall I dine with you tonight, sister?"

"That would be lovely." Cersei smiled, but it did not quite reach her green eyes as her younger sister withdrew her arm and headed for her rooms.

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><p>Velena stood behind her twin brother, her silver blonde hair drawn back in an intricate braid. She stood behind Aegon, cutting his equally silver blonde hair. She frowned as Aegon continued to shift. At this rate she was going to cut into his flesh or cut his hair in an uneven manner.<p>

"Will you sit still?" Velena growled, shoving him in the back.

Aegon groaned, continuing to shift around to get away from his sister. Though he knew better than to bring her wrath upon him. "My hair is fine how it is."

"It's too long." Velena argued, jabbing him in the back of the neck, causing Aegon to let out a small yelp.

Doran wheeled himself into his room in his contraption, shaking his head at the two siblings. "Fighting again?"

"Never." Velena grinned as she finished her brother's hair.

"I bring news. King Robert is dead." Doran informed them, watching as shock formed on the faces of the siblings.

Aegon felt a moment of disbelief at the news. "What?"

"How?" Velena questioned after a few moments of letting the news sink into her mind.

Doran leant back in his chair. "Apparently the drunk was gored by a wild boar. Fool."

"But this means we're a step closer to getting the throne." Aegon glanced up at his sister who was standing by his side. Doran could see the startling resemblance the twins bore to each other and was certain that if it was not for their varying hair lengths and body shapes, he would mistake one for the other.

Velena put her hand on Aegon's shoulder, squeezing gently. "This is excellent news."

Doran sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose. "However, there has been conflict of late."

Velena raised an eyebrow at this news. "How so?"

"The Starks have taken up arms against the Lannisters." Doran explained, watching as Velena nodded in understanding. She had always been the more politically minded out of the two. "Ned Stark has been arrested on suspicion of treason."

"Do you think the Starks would fight for us?" Aegon spoke up. It was true that he did not favour the Starks, but he hated the Lannisters more.

Doran shook his head. He did not know if the Starks would believe the twins were alive, let alone accept an alliance with them. "I do not know."

"An alliance may be possible." Velena thought on it. They could perhaps marry to form an alliance, if the Starks were to agree to it.

"We must be careful if we plan to reveal your existence." Doran cautioned her, knowing they would have a great deal of enemies who would want to kill them.

"Perhaps we should keep it quiet that my brother lives." Velena pointed out, knowing she would have to reveal herself to ally with

the Starks.

"And just say something of you?" Doran raised an eyebrow.

Velena nodded in confirmation. "If we plan to ally with the North, we would need to."

"I am more than happy to reveal my existence." Aegon argued, frowning.

Velena ran her fingers through his hair tenderly, smiling down at him. "People are more likely to kill you."

Aegon scowled. "Why? Because I am a man?"

"A boy still, and a green one at that." Doran corrected him.

Aegon's violet eyes flashed with fury. "I am a man grown!"

"Relax, Aegon." Velena spoke softly but sternly, her hands resting on his shoulders in a comforting gesture.

"We should wait. See what occurs next, and then make our move." Doran advised them and Velena nodded, while Aegon folded his arms.

Velena leant over the back of the chair, wrapping her arms round her brother, who held her hands to his chest. "Your time will come."

"My time to do what? I feel as though all I do is sit here." Aegon sighed heavily.

Velena kissed his cheek tenderly. "You will not always."

"So when is my time?" Aegon questioned, but he knew his sister did not have all the answers, which he was seeking.

"Soon. Be patient, brother."

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><p>It was quite typical for Varys and Petyr Baelish to have private discussions before a meeting of the small council. Both had their spies, and sometimes they would give each other information, while other times they would tauntingly withhold it. However currently, it was the abrupt arrival of Tasha Lannister that had both men guessing. It was odd that the girl had arrived just after Robert's death, and while the Lannisters were in heated dispute with the Starks, too.<p>

"Perhaps Lord Tywin merely wants the girl to learn the ways of court," Petyr suggested, something he didn't even believe himself. Tasha was nearly a woman grown, and although he had yet to see her, sources told him she was a very pretty girl. No doubt as Tywin had used his older daughter as a political pawn, he would do the same with his younger.

"I've heard that Tywin has been rather friendly with Roose Bolton," Varys said in an undertone. It was odd, considering that Roose was a Stark banner men – however Ned had never fully trusted him, and he was known to throw his allegiance towards whoever he hoped would

prove victorious. "In fact, he has supported Roose's claim to have his bastard son, Ramsay, legitimized. Rather odd, don't you think?"

Although Roose was of a noble house, it was not a great house. However he was a sly man, one whose help Tywin could potentially use, especially with Roose's knowledge about the north and the Starks. Having Ramsay legitimized thoughâ€Petyr had to wonder at that. Perhaps it was not someone at court that Tywin wanted his youngest daughter to marry after all.

"Renly fled after Robert's death," Petyr stated with a mild shrug. "Perhaps Tywin would attempt to lure him back into the fold with the promise of a lovely young bride â€" although we all know that she isn't to Renly's taste at all."

"It wouldn't necessarily be someone of a great house," Varys ruminated, "The girl's mother was from House Caron, and my friends tell me that many call her 'songbird', in particular Tyrion. She has a beautiful voice, apparently. Some may think her more Caron than Lannister."

"Whatever she is, I wonder if the reason Tywin sent her to the capital is because he is planning for war," Petyr mused. It was no secret that Jaime had fled in a fury because of Catelyn capturing Tyrion. No doubt Tywin had sent his daughter where she would be safe â€" away from war.

2. Traitor To The Crown

****Chapter Two: Traitor To The Crown****

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><p>AN: Thank you to everyone who has reviewed, favoured and followed so far!**

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><p>Tyrion walked into the command tent, somewhat surprised to see that it was only Tywin who waited for him. It was not often that Tyrion had discussions alone with his father, and even then they were not pleasant discussions. He raised his eyebrows in disbelief, wondering what Tywin could possibly want to talk about with the child he hated.<p>

"You wished to see me, I believe?"

"I did. Sit." Tywin's tone was commanding and held no room for argument. Tyrion flopped into a chair and tentatively reached for the wine, half expecting his father to wrench it from his grasp with a scowl. Yet Tywin made no move to do so. "I want you to be Hand of the King while I am at war."

"Me?" Tyrion was surprised to have such an honour bestowed upon him, if it could be considered that. Usually Tywin did not consider him in any matters at all, so it was an astonishment indeed to learn that he would be going to King's Landing to take his father's place for the time being. He took a deep gulp of wine, wondering whether Tywin

would catch the slight sarcasm in his words. "I am truly thankful."

"There is also the matter of your youngest sister," Tywin said, causing Tyrion to look up from his drink. Although only their half-sister, her mother having been a Caron, he cared deeply about young Tasha.

"Tasha? What of her?"

"She is to marry Ramsay Bolton," Tywin announced, being careful to use the house name instead of the young man's bastard name. After all, they needed to keep an alliance with their eyes in the north, and so it was that Joffrey had legitimised Ramsay. Youngest child or not, Tasha was too high-born to marry a boy with a bastard name.

"My sister, to marry a bastard?" Tyrion was not impressed. Everyone had heard the tales of Ramsay's cruelty. The thought that his teenage sister would be marrying someone like that turned his stomach. "Surely you have heard the rumours about Ramsay."

Tywin waved a dismissive hand. "They are rumours."

"She is a child," Tyrion protested. Tasha was sixteen years old and naïve about some matters of the world, including how Ramsay would treat her once they were married. The thought of his baby sister being hurt by that monster sickened Tyrion. He could only hope it wouldn't come to that.

Tywin's sharp gaze turned upon him. "She is old enough to marry."

"You would have her marry a man who flays people for sport?" Tyrion asked incredulously. How could Tywin even think of giving Tasha to someone so monstrous? Even if the rumours were exaggerated, they must stem from some horrible truth.

"I am sure she will be fine." Tywin's tone indicated that he was done with the matter, but Tyrion wasn't.

"And let's say she wasn't?"

"Then we will deal with that when we come to it." Tywin gave his son a pointed look. It was not up to Tyrion to decide whether or not Tasha should marry into House Bolton. Tywin needed his sources in the north, and Roose was very good at what he did. The man would no doubt be pleased â€" a Lannister bride was a huge prize for a bastard boy, after all.

"Yet I have to be the one to deliver this newsâ€" Tyrion muttered. He knew that his sister was going to hate it, seeing him for the first time in months and the news he delivered was that she was to marry a sadist.

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><p>Catelyn strode into her sons tent, letter in hand. She had been surprised when the raven had come bearing a letter with the deal of the Martell's. "Robb. This came for you earlier."<p>

"Who is it from?" Robb frowned as he took the letter from her, examining it.

Catelyn sat down, pushing her hair out of her face. "The Martell's. Based on the seal."

"What are they doing writing to me?" Robb gave her a confused look before opening the letter, reading over it. His confusion grew to disbelief, as he got further into the letter. "It is from someone claiming to be Velenia Targaryen."

Catelyn took the letter from him, reading over it for herself. It could not be true. Both the Targaryen twins had been killed during Robert's Rebellion. "The twins were killed."

"It must be an imposter." Robb took the letter back, throwing it onto the table, leaning against one of the chairs.

Catelyn sighed, watching him. "They're asking for an alliance."

"How can I make an alliance with people that don't exist?" Robb questioned, glancing at her. Although he knew if they were alive by some chance that it would change everything.

"There may be a chance she survived. It has been rumoured for years." Catelyn pointed out, and all too often rumours and stories had been coming true lately.

Robb shook his head, gripping the back of the chair he was leaning against tightly. "I do not believe it."

"Write back to them at least." Catelyn sighed, knowing that the Martell's would be expecting a reply.

"And say what?" Robb sighed, not knowing what he could say when he didn't believe the information he had received.

Catelyn watched as he slouched into a chair. "That is for you to decide."

"Mother, this could be a ploy." Robb pointed out, well aware of the stories behind the death of the Targaryen family.

Catelyn nodded in understanding. "It could, I am aware of that. But, there is a slim chance there may not be. Write back to the Martell's."

* * *

><p>Tasha was fascinated by the Red Keep. It was so different from her home at Casterly Rock, so much bigger and with lingering signs of the almost-extinct House Targaryen. Just touches here and there, things that perhaps people like Cersei, who had been living there for many years, would never notice. But newcomers like Tasha noticed, and she wasn't entirely sure how it made her feel. She hadn't even been born when the Targaryens had been slaughtered.<p>

"Aunt Tasha."

She spun around to see Joffrey approaching her. She was of an age

with her nephew, something that never failed to make her feel a bit odd. It was frightening to think her oldest siblings were quite a fair few years older than her. She offered him a faint smile, but Tasha could remember what Joffrey had been like when they were children, and she doubted he had much changed.

"Ah, so I see you remember me, your Grace. I believe we were both quite young last time we met."

Joffrey nodded, eyes critically inspecting his teenage aunt. "Mother told me you were here."

"You have grown into a fine young man, so she tells me." Tasha was careful to praise Joffrey, as she had not been before. Joffrey was King now, and Tasha was politically shrewd enough to know that insulting the King would end with her sharing Ned Stark's fate, rotting in the dungeons.

"That I have." Joffrey offered his arm. "Walk with me?"

"Of course." Tasha accepted his arm with great reluctance, accompanying him around the Red Keep. When they had been little, Joffrey often used to taunt her or pull her long blonde hair. His bullying may have changed, but she doubted he was any less one.

"How long are you to stay here?" Joffrey inquired, a question that surprised Tasha.

"Until I am called back to Casterly Rock or married, I suppose," she replied. Being sixteen, it would likely not be long before Tywin found his youngest daughter a match.

"It is nice having you here," Joffrey stated, causing Tasha to glance at him in surprise. A compliment, from her nephew? How odd.

"Thank you, your Grace." She averted her eyes, feigning demureness. "It is a pleasure to be here."

"Are you going to join us at the execution?" Joffrey asked, obvious excitement entering his tone. Tasha threw him a startled look, because she could think of only one who had committed crimes terrible enough to merit an execution.

"The execution. Do you meanâ€¦that of Ned Stark?" When Joffrey nodded, Tasha took a deep breath. "Your Grace, if I may speak frankly, I think it would be wiser to spare Lord Stark's life."

"No." Joffrey withdrew his arm from hers, glaring at her. "He must die."

She tilted her head to the side. "Why is that, your Grace?"

"Because I said so," the King snapped, and Tasha realised that she had angered him and immediately sought to make amends.

"Of course. Forgive me for questioning you."

"You are forgiven." Joffrey appeared a little calmer now. "But do not do it again."

"I would never," Tasha said, with only the slightest hint of sarcasm.

"I must leave you. I have duties to attend." Joffrey walked briskly off down the corridor, and Tasha felt her muscles relax. Her nephew had never been someone she had been able to stand, and it appeared he had not changed at all over the years.

* * *

><p>Velena read over the letter she had received back from the Starks, sighing and handing it to Aegon, who was leaning in the doorway, when she was done with it. "Now what do we do?"<p>

"Do you honestly want this alliance?" Aegon raised an eyebrow, curious as to why his sister was so intent on forming this alliance. There were other houses they could ally with.

"The North are powerful. We need it, Aegon." Velena pointed out, sitting down. "What do you suggest?"

Aegon sighed heavily, placing the letter on the table. "I think we can try. But if he does not meet our terms, no alliance."

"And what are these terms?" Velena questioned, knowing that he brother had at first been unsure of what terms he wanted to put forward to Robb Stark.

"He will no doubt want the north." Aegon was unwilling to give up the north. He wanted the throne, and with that came the north as well as the south.

Velena shrugged her slim shoulders, placing her hands in her lap. "Let him have it."

"We are to give up half of our realm?" Aegon stared at her in disbelief. He thought his sister of all people would not want to do that.

"How do you think we are going to form this alliance? If he agrees to it, no doubt I will have to marry him. We would still hold power in the north and south, brother." Velena explained. She had thought this over, and a Targaryen would still be in a high position in both the north and south.

"Yes, but HE would hold the power in the north if you married him." Aegon sat across from her, sipping at a cup of wine.

Velena sighed heavily. Her brother was a fighter, not someone who should be involved with the politics of such matters. "I would still be able to influence him. You cannot hope to control both the north and south."

"It sounds almost as though you wish to marry him. Is it rumours of his good looks, sister?" Aegon smirked. He had never known his sister to find men attractive, but then she was always in his company. She never really spent time with any other males.

"No one could look finer than you, brother." Velena gave him a sweet

smile that Aegon knew was masking her sarcasm. "I would rather him then our cousin."

"You know Quentyn. It's different." Aegon leant back in his chair, running his finger around the rim of the wine cup.

Velena leant back in her chair as well, copying her brother's movement in a mocking way. "I thought you would be happy. This will help you gain power."

"I suppose you are right, I just do not know if we can trust him." Aegon raked a hand through his hair.

Velena leant across the table, resting her hand over his. "We can only afford to trust each other."

"Better the Starks than the Lannisters." Aegon traced his thumb over the back of her hand, smiling at his twin.

Velena smiled back. "That is very true."

* * *

><p>Tasha knocked on Sansa Stark's door, despite knowing the rest of her family would severely chastise her if they knew she had come. Yet Tasha knew the pain of losing a parent, even if she had been much younger than Sansa when it had happened. She heard a muffled voice from behind the thick wood of the door.<p>

"Go away."

"You should be more careful." Tasha opened the door and stepped inside. The auburn-haired girl was huddled on the bed and her eyes were red-rimmed from crying. "What if I had been Joffrey?"

"I don't care," Sansa shot at her, wrapping her arms around herself. Tasha pitied her – she was only thirteen years old and now she was trapped in the capital, without her family or her household. She was a political prisoner.

"Do you know who I am?" Tasha inquired, genuinely curious. She wondered if there were many around the capital who knew of the youngest Lannister child.

"Tasha Lannister." Sansa watched as the blonde crossed over and sat beside her on the bed, examining her warily. "What do you want?"

"To talk," Tasha said simply. There weren't many highborn girls in the capital around her own age, and Sansa was one of the few even if she was now considered to be a traitor. But Tasha was merely curious about the girl. "I understand that it must hurt to lose him like that."

"What do you know?" Sansa shot at Tasha.

"I suppose I don't." The blonde folded her hands in her lap. "My mother threw herself off a cliff when I was three, so perhaps I don't understand."

Sansa was startled by that. She knew little of Tasha Lannister's

mother, only that the woman had died when the Lannister girl had been very young. She blinked away tears, realising that perhaps she was not the only one to have lost someone.

"Oh, I'm sorry."

"It's quite alright." Tasha put her arm around the younger girl's shoulders as Sansa wiped her eyes. "I just want you to know that I am not your enemy. If you need anything, ask for me."

"Thank you," Sansa whispered, realising that perhaps not all of the Lannisters were so bad after all.

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><p>Velena strolled into her brother's room, not bothering to knock on his door as she walked in. "Eddard Stark is dead."<p>

Aegon put the book he was reading down, sitting up from where he had been laying down on his bed. "Really? They executed him?"

"Cut off his head." Velena grinned, shutting the door behind her.

Aegon shook his head. He did not understand how such a thing excited his sister. "Charming."

"This makes our alliance with the Starks almost certain." Velena flopped beside him, her hair flaring out around her.

"They now hate the Lannisters as we do." Aegon was happy about this. He glanced at his sister, raising an eyebrow and the smirk that was plastered to her face. "What is so amusing?"

Velena turned her head to face him, her violet eyes glinting with excitement. "The Lannisters are going to burn, brother. We will make sure of it."

Aegon laid back down beside her. "The Kingslayer, his whore of a sister..."

"Will bathe in fire while we watch, listening to their screams." Velena mused, staring up at the ceiling.

"How poetic." Aegon chuckled, glancing at her as she rested her head alongside his. "What of the younger ones?"

Velena didn't hesitate before answering. "Kill them."

Aegon nodded, stretching his arms above his head. "They say the little girl is more Caron than Lannister."

"Lannister enough to die."

End
file.